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EDITORIAL NOTES.

FIRST of all, we must thank Mr. Seshadri for his most able editing of this magazine during the editor's absence in England. Besides carrying on such features as the notes and the studies in composition, Mr. Seshadri has enriched the pages of the magazine with several articles of special interest and value. Two of the regular features of the paper have been dropped during this time. One is the monthly dialogue, which will now be resumed. The other—the puzzle column—is hated by the editor with a consuming hatred, but it will be carried on. He may tell his readers, in confidence, that he hopes to get the publisher to undertake it. For several reasons, it has had to be dropped during the last three months.

A word has to be spoken, too, about the dates of the magazine's appearance. It has been getting later and later; and this must have become most irritating to its readers. It has been equally irritating to those who have edited and published it, and it has not been their fault. New arrangements have now been made, whereby this lateness will in future be prevented.

This month, a good many of our readers are probably having their first experience of college life, and some of them are living away from home for the first time. They may find it hard, at first, to suit themselves to the kind of teaching they will meet with in college; for the lecturing there is, of course, more continuous, and there cannot be the same class-questionings and repetitions that are possible at school. The student finds, therefore, that while still more matter than before is given him to digest, the digesting of it is left more to himself. May we warn him, then, of what we have found to be the besetting sin of the younger college-students?

Taking their professors' lectures of gospel, they seem to reverence them so much that they are afraid to change a single word of them, even in their own minds; and so, without very much

attempt to understand them, they laboriously learn them by heart, and consider that sort of knowledge of them a sort of impregnable fortification against the assaults of examiners. It would be difficult to make a more disastrous mistake. Lectures are meant to make things clear—to convey *ideas*, to the student's mind, and not merely words to his note-book. If a student does not understand what a lecturer means, he must not rest till he finds out; and then he must spend time in thinking the matter over until the idea becomes his own, and he can, therefore, express it naturally and lucidly in his own words. No lecturer worthy the name will refuse to explain what he means to any student who does not fully understand him; and it is a positive help to the lecturer to have such questions asked him. The greatest difficulty of all is to get the younger students to *think*, and nothing is more encouraging than a thoughtful question. And the time when most of the thinking should be done is not in the flurry of the examination, when there is so little time, and there is no one to correct the thoughts; but during the course of the year, when there is leisure for careful consideration, and the crudeness or wrongness of the student's ideas may still be shown him. Thus his own efforts at thinking will have helped immensely towards the depth and completeness of his understanding.

Any one who, in an examination, tries simply to reproduce the lectures he has received, will inevitably be found out at once. It will be quite clear that the composition is not his own, and he will get no credit for it; and, besides that, if he has simply tried to memorise without understanding, he is quite sure to make some ridiculous little verbal changes, which will make nonsense of the passage. But of course the great thing is that this learning-by-heart process bears not the slightest resemblance to education, for it leaves the student's mind exactly as it found it: the mind is never developed by anything except its own activity. Ideas may be suggested from outside, but they are of no value to the mind until it has worked upon them for itself.

Perhaps the best thing of all is for students to discuss with each other the subjects lectured upon; and the lecturer can be held as a court of appeal. You always understand a thing better when you have talked it over with someone, partly because the very effort to express your own idea makes that idea clearer to you, and partly because it is always through a conflict of opinions that truth is found. That is why Socrates used to enter into conversation with people, and get them to voice to him their opinions, and then suggest the contrary arguments himself; for he knew that so the mistakes on both sides would become evident, and the truth of the matter would gradually appear. That is what college literary and debating societies are for.

In Indian colleges the speakers in debates often make a great mistake. They are apt—even those who are going to speak quite late in the debate—to make

up their minds beforehand just what they are going to say, and they make their appearance with alarming slips—or folios—of paper in their hands. What is the use of a series of unconnected speeches like that, where no one answers any one, and, at the end of the debate, one simply looks back on a number of isolated points of opinion, in whose array no unity or decision is to be found? Opinions must *clash* to be productive. An argument is valueless unless it is an answer or receives one; and nothing is so feeble as mere asseveration in debate, whether it assumes the form of argument or not.

Will our younger readers be grievously insulted if we venture to suggest to them one or two points in which some of them occasionally make curious little mistakes? One thing we have never been able to understand is this: why is it that students in India, when they have been having an interview with some one, and desire to say good-bye, nearly always say, "May I take my leave?" or "May I take leave?" These phrases are not English at all. It is, of course, correct to say, "With a low bow, he took leave of the King," or, "After this conversation, he took his leave," but in a first-personal question, merely requesting permisson to go, such a phrase can never be used.

Again when a new student tells one that he has been studying in a distant college "for the past one year," one is tempted to interrupt with the remark that he may have been there for the past two years, or for the *past year*, but that the phrase "the past one year" rather suggests that he has been refraining from study altogether, so remote is it from grammatical correctness. Still more curious is it to hear from the lips of a student that, for some time, he has been "keeping quiet at home." He looks a peaceable fellow, unused to turmoil and brawling; and yet he has thought it necessary to tell us that at home, where he has lately been staying, he has been carefully refraining from making a noise. For that is what the phrase "keep quiet" means: it never means simply to be idle.

But these are only points of idiom. There are points of action, too, about which a long article could well be written. For instance, we have noticed, when attending public lectures, that many students do not seem to consider it a breach of etiquette to converse amiably with each other while the lecture is going on; and we can remember one occasion, in particular, when a distinguished Indian visitor was lecturing, on a subject of which he was a complete master, and nearly every member of the audience was engaged in absorbing conversation. Worst of all, when they began to get a little tired of their exhaustive discussion of subjects unknown, they began, apparently, to entertain tender thoughts of home; and, suiting the action to the thought, began to wander out of the room with tread not intentionally, but sufficiently, audible. Nothing could be more innocent, or more appalling impolite, than such behaviour. Yet the Indian student has

an inherited instinct for politeness, and would carefully avoid doing such things if he realised the desperate wrongness of them. Lastly—and we fear that the word "lastly," which suggests a moralising discourse, is only too appropriate here, and yet these things seem worth saying—if anyone, in the middle of a meeting, finds it absolutely necessary to go away, let him not observe the entirely unnecessary formality of requesting the chairman's permission for his departure. That will only disturb the meeting. Let him slip out unobserved.

What is English poetry coming to? That is a question that arrests one in quite a startling way when one reads, for instance, the recent poems of John Masefield, and realises that those curious verses are just about the best that are being produced in England to-day. These columns of "notes" are not the place for a criticism of such work, but one may remark, in passing, what a strange result has there been produced by the operation (together with exceptional poetic faculty) of the resolve to avoid, at all hazards, the conventional phrases and mannerisms of poetry. In these poems we find the most crudely realistic phrases hobnobbing with others that are truly elevated and instinct with imaginative power; and while we find a similar incongruity in Wordsworth, and endure it by ignoring that which is crude, we feel that in Masefield the crude things are intentional, and, whether defensible or not, are essential to his message so far as he has yet expressed it. But the point we are at present emphasising is that here one expedient has been found to gain freedom from modes of expression which have so long been used that the life and import seems to be gone out of them. With regard to this difficulty, the remarks of Mr. Edmund Gosse at a recent meeting of the English Association are full of interest. (We quote part of a newspaper report of his speech).

"Mr. Gosse said that the principal danger to the future of poetry seemed to him to rest in the necessity of freshness of expression. With the superabundant circulation of language year after year, week after week, the possibilities of freshness grew rarer and rarer. The obvious simple, poignant things seemed all to have been said. Each generation was likely to be more pre-occupied than the last with the desire for novelty of expression. Accordingly, the sense of originality which was so fervently demanded from every new school of writers, would force the poets of the future to sweep away all recognised impressions. He thought that in consequence the natural uses of English and the obvious form of our speech must be driven from our national poetry. In new generations there was likely to occur less description of plain material objects, because the aspect of these had already received every obvious tribute. So also there could hardly fail to be less precise enumeration of the primitive natural emotions, because that also had been done already and repeated to satiety. Poetry as an art, in one shape or another, would escape from the

bankruptcy of language, but it would only be at the cost of much that they at present admired and liked that the continuity of the art of verse would be preserved.

" He expected to find the modern poet accepting more or less consciously an ever-increasing symbolic subtlety of expression. In his anxiety not to repeat what had been said before, and in his horror of the trite and the superficial, he would achieve effect by wrapping the truth in darkness. The domain of verse had been persistently narrowed by the incursions of a more and more powerful and wide-embracing prose. No ode or threnody could equal in vibrating passion Captain Scott's last testament. The poetry of the future was likely to be occupied very much with subjects, and with those alone, which could not be expressed in the prose of the best-edited newspaper, and he believed that the closing up of the poetic field would isolate the poet from his fellows. That was likely to lead them to band themselves more closely together for mutual protection. He also thought it very likely that love might cease to the predominant theme in lyrical poetry. The poetry of the future might not improbably become more and more dramatic, although perhaps by a series of acts of definite creation rather than as the result of observation, which would be left to the ever-increasing adroitness of the brilliant masters of our prose."

There is a certain truth in this, and there would be more if it were certain that our poets would always be of merely second-rate ability like those of the present generation. We may be sure, however, that the world of English poetry will not always lack men of the highest creative power, and such men will never find their self-expression hampered by the mere fact that they must deal with situations and emotions which have already afforded material to many poets, and use phrases and images that are already familiar. The passionate insight of a great poet will always inspire him to a new and individual creation, whatever be his materials. Poetry is not just the skilful combination of fine ideas and figures, nor is the palm to be given to him who in the details of his work is most successful in avoiding repetition of what has been seen or felt before. If that were so, originality would be largely a matter of time, and the possibility of it would gradually disappear. But originality, in the true sense of the word, is simply individuality of view, and is a matter of depth and intensity ; and where this individuality exists there is not the slightest fear that its expression will appear hackneyed. The poetic quality of a great poem cannot be analysed at all : so subtly pervasive is the poet's own spirit that, though his words and images, when taken one by one, may not be new, yet when found in the perfect unity of his verses they become a new creation with his light upon them.

The difficulty of originality has always pressed hard upon the weaker men, but has cost the great ones no

striving. Mr. Newbolt, in an article upon Milton in the current number of the *English Review*, quotes these lines from the *Ode on the morning of Christ's nativity* :—

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with popular pale
The parting genius is with sighing sent.

After which he remarks :—"It is not only image or sound, nor is it the thought that moves us here, for a kind of intoxication of delight is produced even before the sense can penetrate the consciousness : it is a power inexplicably hidden in the words themselves and called forth by their arrangement in a magical order. I say hidden, because the effect often appears to be quite independent of any richness in the words if taken singly and apart from their context. The barest and simplest of all these stanzas is one of the most beautiful :—

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or o'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

"What is it that is here hidden in the words? What can it be but the personal touch of the poet himself, the peculiar voice or vision or gesture which is his own and by which he communicates to us the exultation, the solemnity, the tenderness of his spirit?" Thus does the true poet innovate without effort for ever.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

The Boys of Devapur School.

CHAPTER V.

By Harry Banbury, B.A., L.C.P.

THE CRICKET MATCH.

THERE was great excitement among all those who played cricket. The Captain of the Chelgarh College Cricket Team had written to the School Captain to say that he was taking his cricket team for a long tour, and that when they passed through Devapur, he hoped that the Devapur School would give them a game.

A meeting of the Cricket Club had been called on receipt of the challenge, and after consulting the headmaster, it was agreed to accept the challenge and to invite the visitors to stay in one of the school hostels whilst they were in Devapur.

The day fixed for the match was the 8th of November, and as there was still a fortnight before that date, there was time to put a little extra polish on the team. One of the teachers, Mr. Choudhuri, was a good cricketer. Not only was he a good cricketer, but he understood the game well, and thought carefully about what he was doing when playing. For it is one thing to have a keen eye and to be naturally a good batsman, but it is quite another thing to play the game as a science. Mr. Choudhuri had studied the game carefully, and knew the reasons for the different strokes. He knew also why and how to place his field so as to

suit the different methods of his bowlers and the game played by the opponents' batsmen. If he had not been a teacher but had devoted the whole of his time to cricket, he would doubtless have made a very good professional cricketer. Even now though he had chosen the nobler profession of schoolmaster, he knew enough cricket to make a splendid coach.

The headmaster had advised the boys to put themselves entirely in Mr. Choudhuri's hands, and to obey him implicitly. By so doing, he had told them, they would have some chance of making a good stand against the visiting team. There was little or no hope of beating the Chelgarh team, for it was famous not only in the north but all over India.

The first thing that Mr. Choudhuri did was to arrange a test match between two elevens picked from the twenty-two best players in the school, so that he might watch the play of each boy. Ram Das to his delight was chosen to play. As soon as he had heard of the challenge he had hoped that he might have a chance. "Speak a word for me" said he to his cousin, Oudh Behari. "Tell him that I can bowl well. Tell him that I can bowl both the leg-break and the off-break, and that I am a left hand bowler."

"I can tell him that you can bowl both breaks sometimes, but I shall have also to tell him, that some days you can't get a break at all, and that on those days you are worse than useless, for any body can hit you about, But he knows all that without my telling him" answered Oudh Behari.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" said Ram Das, "if you tell him that he will never try me at all." "Well" said Oudh Behari, "we are not going to play Chelgarh in order to give you the pleasure of playing. We are going to play them for the honour of the school, and so we must play our best men."

However, when the lists of the two teams were put on the notice board, Ram Das found that he was to play. When the time for the test match came Ram Das was very excited. He was put on to bowl early in the game. For the first few overs he could not get a break on the ball, but as the batsmen were equally anxious about their chances of selection for the final team, they would not risk being out and so did not hit him about as they might have done. He soon recovered confidence, and suddenly he felt the old familiar twist as the ball left his hands, and the result was a beautiful break from the off which brought down the batsman's wicket. From this time his success was complete, and when the innings was over there was little doubt in the spectators' minds but that Ram Das would be in the team to represent the Devapur School. When it came to his turn to bat he did not do badly though he did not profess to be a batsman.

For the next few days Mr. Choudhuri was very busy coaching the chosen team. In addition to this he discussed with Rais Ahmad, the School Captain the best way of arranging his field to

suit his bowlers. "You have," said he, "four good bowlers in the team. There is Qamaruzzaman who is a fast right-hand bowler, Mazhar Husain, who is a slow right hand leg-break bowler, Nasir Ahmad, who is an ordinary slow right hand bowler, and Ram Das who is a medium left hand bowler. Each bowler requires a different arrangement of the field so that the batsmen will not be able to score freely and may be caught out." They had many talks on the subject, and Rais practised the setting of the field in the different positions until he felt quite certain of them. "Don't forget, however," said Mr. Choudhuri, "that you must watch and think during the match, and whenever necessary alter the field to suit the play of the batsmen also. These rules of setting the field are general and will often require a little modification to suit the batsman's play, for each player has his own peculiarities and style."

At last the day of the match dawned. It was clear and bright, not too hot, with just a gentle breeze. The Chelgarh team had arrived over night, and both teams were on the ground ready to begin the match punctually at 9 o'clock.

The Chelgarh team win the toss and elect to go in first. They put in two steady men, Jang Bahadur and Logman Ahmad. Jang Bahadur is a big manly looking fellow, and Logman Ahmad is short and stout with a merry face. Logman takes his block from the umpire. He looks round to see where the fieldsmen are placed, and finding them in normal positions, settles himself, and shows by his manner that he is ready.

"Play" shouts Qamaruzzaman, and, each time taking a long run, sends down four good-length balls on the off-stump to which Logman plays carefully forward without scoring. The fifth ball of the over is a full pitch, this the batsman drives past the bowler, but as there is a long-field almost straight behind the wicket, only one run is scored.

Ram Das is the bowler at the other end. After a few words with the Captain, he alters the field again, putting two men in the slips, one at third man, one at point, one at cover point, one at extra cover, one at mid-off and one at long-off all on the left of the pitch, and the last man at mid-on. His first two balls pitch at a good length, rather outside the off stump, and breaking away a little. Logman tries to cut the ball twice, but fails. Then the third ball is knocked away for three with shouts from the Chelgarh supporters who with the rest of the spectators are seated on the long terrace in front of the school, which makes a natural "grand stand" from which to watch the school matches.

Jang Bahadur then takes his guard, and stands to receive his first ball. Ram Das slightly overpitches this on the off stump, and is driven hard and clean to the boundary. The last ball over the over is a splendid one, a regular Yorker, but it is stopped just in time. For several overs both batsmen go on steadily scoring. The score mounts steadily until it has reached fifty and the Devapur spectators begin to look

rather gloomy. "Why does'nt the Captain change the bowlers"? they grumble. "Qamaruzzaman is of no use to-day, and Ram Das has been bowling straight balls without a single break, and we all know that anybody can hit his straight balls about. It is only his break balls that are dangerous."

It seemed as if the Captain was also thinking the same thing for the next over he takes off Ram Das, and puts on Mazhar Husain instead. Mazhar's first ball is a short bad one, and Jang Bahadur pulls it to the on-boundary. The second is pitched well up 6 inches outside the off-stump. Jang Bahadur thinks that here is a chance for another boundary, and tries to drive it in his usual style. He fails, however, to get to the pitch of the ball and does not allow for the breakaway. The ball is hit up into the sky and falls plumb into Rais Ahmad's hands. Rais, who is standing at cover-point is much too good a fielder to let it drop and Jang Bahadur retires to the terrace amidst the well-deserved applause of all the spectators.

Whilst the next player is coming in, Rais notices that Ram Das is looking rather sad. "Cheer up," he says, "I will give you another trial after a few overs, perhaps your break will come back then." Ram Das, feeling a little happier, settles to work again.

The next player Afzal Ali is noted as being a steady brilliant player, but one who is always nervous at the beginning. Mazhar Husain thought to himself, "I must get rid of this man quickly, for if I do not he will pile up a big score. I will try him first with a good length ball on the leg-stump with not too much break on it." His plan is successful. Afzal Ali does not quite know what to do, makes up his mind too late, misses the ball, and is clean bowled. What a shout rises from the terrace! "Well bowled! Mazhar, Well bowled, indeed."

The next player is Jan Mohammad. He is the best and soundest bat in the Chelgarh team, and once he is well set, no bowling is too difficult for him. He plays each bowler quite easily, and the score again mounts up steadily, while the hopes of the Devapur boys sink lower and lower.

Rais now tries a double change in the bowling. For Qamaruzzaman he substitutes Ram Das, and changes Mazhar for Nasir Ahmad. Ram Das thinks to himself "Oh if only the break will come." The first four balls are straight good length balls which are carefully blocked. Then Ram Das bowls down the fifth ball. As the ball leaves his fingers he is full of delight, for he has the old familiar feeling that the ball left on his fingers when a particularly good break was to follow. To Jan Mohammad, as he watches the ball coming towards him, it seems to curl in towards him in the air, but when it touches the ground it breaks away from him. He is ready to meet the ball if it breaks towards him, but when it breaks away he hesitates and the hesitation, slight as it is; makes him too late to meet the change, and down goes his wicket.

"Well bowled, Ram Das!" shouts everyone. Qamaruzzaman runs up to him and swings him up to his shoulder, and marches round the field. In a few seconds the excitement subsides for a new batsman has come to the wicket.

All this time Logman has been playing as steadily as ever. He has been badly missed once by short-slip, and since then has shaped better. He is now joined by Abdul Aziz, a magnificent player. "Now you will see the score mount up," say some of the Chelgarh supporters to some of their acquaintances who live at Devapur. And they are right. Abdul Aziz after an over or so collars the bowling entirely, and big hits follow one after the other. Square-cuts, off-drives, and placings-to-leg almost jostle one another to the boundary.

The bowlers are changed again. Logman for the last few overs has not had much to do. His partner seems to be batting both ends. He has now to take Qamaruzzaman's first over, and plays as carefully as ever. The last ball of the over is a very fast one and bumps unexpectedly. Logman just touches it, and is caught by Short-slip.

Ali Bahadur now comes to the wicket. He, too, is a steady player but not so good as Logman. For a few minutes the scoring is as fast as ever, then Abdul Aziz hits a trifle too soon at a well-bowled slower ball than usual from Qamaruzzaman. The ball towers high up over the wicket-keeper's head. Several fieldsmen begin circling about under the ball, but Raja Ram, the wicket-keeper, claims and secures the catch.

Shamsuddin comes in next, and it is not long before Mazhar Husain gives him a ball which secures his wicket.

The next player, Alauddin, does not stay long at the wicket. He drives two balls to the boundary for four each, and then has to face Mazhar Husain, who with his leg-break is too much for Alauddin. Alauddin swipes wildly at the first ball, and it beats both bat and wicket. The next one, which pitches on the leg stump and breaks an inch or two, he feels for weakly, lifts his foot, and is promptly stumped by Raja Ram.

His place is taken by Shujat Ali who is a big hitter, but Mazhar with his leg-break is really dangerous now, and Shujat's wicket falls to the last ball of the over.

The next man is Said-uddin who succeeds in scoring ten runs before being caught at the wicket by Raja Ram. The last man, Jaliburrahman, is a splendid bowler but of very little use as a batsman. He may be relied on to get himself out in a very short time. He slashes the air once or twice, makes one mighty drive, and is then caught out. And so ends the first innings of the Chelgarh team.

The supporters of both teams crowd round the scoring board to see what the final score is, and it is with a certain amount of hopelessness that the Devapur supporters see that the score has reached what is to them the huge total of 198 runs.

As it is now 2 o'clock, there is an interval of half an hour, during which the two teams are busy disposing of the refreshments provided by the headmaster.

(To be continued.)

THE CARLYLE COUNTRY.

By Rev. P. J. Rollo.

IT is a pleasant walk of about a mile from the station to the village of Ecclefechan. To the left in gentle undulations, rise the low green hills, carefully cultivated as far as the eye can reach, and brightened by the small white farmhouses which shine out from amidst their trees. To the right, as you advance, there opens out before you the magnificent sweep of Annandale, rolling down in a beautiful expanse of green fertile meadow and glossy wood to the gleaming Solway, and bounded, as it were, by the far blue hills of Cumberland. The wayfarer may well pause on his journey, once and again, and drink in the beauty of the prospect as he drinks in the delicious, cool, sweet breeze which streams up the broad valley, while he listens to the larks which seem to fill the heaven with music, as the sun has flooded it with light. No such air is to be found at most of the more or less confined resorts by loch or frith, to which so many fly for their annual change from our Scottish cities; and independent of the butter and eggs, the welcome seclusion, and the tender and sacred fellowships which he found at Scotabrig, we do not wonder that Carlyle found the air of Annandale so blessed a medicine both for the body and for the mind.

Soon as the first gentle eminence is reached we come in sight of the village, the white houses nestling silently beside their old steeple, in a little hollow among the green uplands, just where they are preparing to meet with the valley. A short but somewhat steep descent leads us at once into the one street of the village. It is unusually broad for a country village, for the burn, which flows right down the midst of it, has served to keep the houses on either side at a respectable distance from one another. This stream, which has been bridged over throughout the most important part of the village, by some local notability, whose beneficence has been duly acknowledged in a votive tablet, issues from its concealment just opposite the humble dwelling where Thomas Carlyle, or, as he is styled by the country people, Tam Cairyll, was born. It is a neat, solid-looking, two-storey tenement, divided in the middle by an archway, and containing two small houses, one on either side of the archway. These houses were built by the brothers Carlyle (who at that time carried on in partnership the business of mason) for their own use, the common archway affording convenient access to their masons' yard behind. The house in which Thomas was born was bought a number of years ago by his niece, Mrs. Carlyle (formerly Miss Aitken), who waited upon him so faithfully in his last years. She placed in it several articles of furniture from the house in Chelsea, and a number of volumes of her uncle's writing which belonged to himself, though curiously enough that one volume is awanting,* Sartor Resartus—in which under its name of Entepfuhl—Ecclefechan is referred to. The small

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* The "Reminiscences" of course excepted.

room upstairs in which the sage was born is kept in perfect order, and most courteously shown to visitors. The occupant at the time of our visit presided over a visiting book in which during the previous year over six hundred names had been written, most of them penned by pilgrims from afar. It is a small room even now that the two box-beds have been removed, and but a humble dwelling; yet admirably built,—destined, barring accident, to stand for many years, as a fitting memorial, not only to the noble son who there first saw the light, but also to the worthy father who did all his work as well as possible, and declared the mason trade "done" for him when it had learned to tolerate inferior workmanship.

It can hardly be more than two hundred yards from Carlyle's birthplace to his grave. The churchyard looked bleak and dismal to Froude on the cold wintry slushy day on which the body of his great master was laid there; but such cannot be his impression who visits it in May when the soft, south-west wind is murmuring in the thick green grass, and the birds are singing in the golden sunshine. There is nothing dilapidated about it, nothing that bears the appearance of neglect, nor the aspect of careless irreverence for the departed; but, on the other hand, there is no glaring pretentiousness, nor paltry prettiness to detract from the solemn dignity of death. Humbly beneath the grass, marked by their plain, simple stones, lie the villagers of all classes, and many generations. Here, too, doubtless the bodies of the unworthy have been interred; but we may be pretty sure that Ecclefechan churchyard will witness no such "gaol delivery" on the judgment day as will take place at Westminster Abbey.

On entering the visitor will probably be summoned by the sexton to "*the* grave"; but he would do well if he first took a glance at the stone cut by James Carlyle to mark the grave of the Burgher minister, James Johnston. This worthy, "the priestliest man I ever, under any ecclesiastical guise, was privileged to look upon," was the minister of the little Ecclefechan church to which, among many who came from far and near, young Edward Irving used to travel all the way from Annan, his plaid sometimes streaming with the rain. "This peasant union," says Carlyle respecting it, "this little heath-thatched house, this simple evangelist, together constituted properly the church of the district; they were the blessing and the saving of many; on me too, their pure heaven-sent influence still rests and lives."

The grave of the Carlyles is surrounded by a plain high railing, covered by thick velvet grass, and surmounted by two plain tombstones. Beneath one of these rests Margaret Aitken, Carlyle's revered and beloved mother to whom "for body and soul he owed endless gratitude;" and that noble father, whom he believed to be the very best man he had ever met, and essentially a greater man than himself—capable had their positions been reversed in divine Prov-

idence, of doing a nobler work than he. Standing by the grave of the Annandale peasant who found his glory and delight in that genius and great achievement of his son to which he had contributed so much, and which he could so entirely appreciate, with what hushed solemn feeling might we recall that son's tender heartfelt words written on the day of his father's funeral, "All that was earthly, harsh, sinful, in our relation has passed away; all that was holy in it remains. I can see my dear father's life in some measure as the sunk pillar on which mine was to rise and be built; the waters of time have now swelled round his (as they will soon round mine). I can see it all transfigured though I *touch* it no longer. I might almost say his spirit seems to have entered into me (so clearly do I discern and love him); I seem to myself only the continuation and second volume of my father."

Once a year Carlyle visited this sacred spot, sometimes "in good fettle," when he would discourse freely in broadest Annandale to the old grave-digger; sometimes also in that state in which their acquaintances knew that all the Carlyles were better let alone. Happily he was in excellent fettle on his last visit, on which occasion he drove round the ridge of neighbouring hills, looked his last upon the valley which was so dear and sacred to him, and gave some instructions which may have indicated an intention to raise a tombstone to his brother John, the doctor, to whom he had been such a magnanimous helper. He now rests in that brother's grave, a simple stone recording their names who from boyhood were such true friends. "*My* brother needs no monument but his grave." So we are told James Carlyle, the only surviving brother, responded to some visitor's suggestion; we could not but feel how true it was as we left the churchyard. "For giving his soul to the common cause he has won for himself a wreath which will not fade, and a tomb the most honourable, not where his dust is decaying, but where his glory lives in everlasting remembrance. For of illustrious men all the earth is the sepulchre, and it is not the inscribed column in their own land which is the record of their virtues, but the unwritten memory of them in the hearts and lives of all mankind."

From Ecclefechan to Mainhill Farm is a walk of about two miles, up the dale, along the great north road. The farm is about three hundred yards from the road up the hill side. It stands very high, and is utterly exposed to both east and south-west winds, but has not such a bleak look as Mr. Froude, who seems to have gathered his impression from visits paid on wintry days, has represented it to have. The view to the south-west is magnificent beyond description. The whole valley of Annandale lies stretched out before you with the Solway, "like a silver riband," gleaming in the distance, and Criffel, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw for a background. An addition of two good-sized rooms has lately been made to the farm; but the three rooms in which Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle brought up their eight

children are still to be seen with little alteration save that here too the box-beds have been removed. They are small rooms, and, in winter, very cold and comfortless; but having removed hither "to keep his family about him," here James Carlyle brought them up in health, happiness and godliness, wrestling victoriously with the cold, reluctant soil, and causing two blades to grow where only one before had sprung. And here Thomas Carlyle learned German, studied Faust in a dry ditch, and completed his translation of "Wilhelm Meister." Hither he came home each May from the College at Edinburgh (having sent his box by the carrier) walking all the way, putting up with such sleeping accommodation on the road as a herdsman's cottage could afford. Here Edward Irving stopped to tea as the two lads came home together; and here he often came up from Annan to visit his friend who strolled down the dale to meet him. What talk have these poor walls listened to, between two such friends, and such a father and mother.

It is interesting to notice that the people who occupied the house at the time of our visit had, like the Carlyles of old, eight children, that they removed to it not from any hope of pecuniary gain, but solely "that they might keep their family about them," and that they were industrious god-fearing people. The worthy farmer's wife who showed all courtesy to the "many gentlemen" who "come to see Tom Cairyl's place" referred to a piece of plastering which was done by his amateur hand in those far-off years, and which Tyndal and Secky, when Froude showed it to them, thought to be very well done. It was her own opinion, corroborated by that of all competent judges who had seen it, that it was a wretched job. No doubt she was right. Some practical knowledge is required either to accomplish plastering, or to criticise it. We could sympathise too with her in her surprise that "so kind a gentleman as Mr. Froude" should lead people to suppose that her children were running about with bare feet on such a day as that cold February funeral morn. It was a curious mistake, naturally made by an Englishman, who, not knowing the custom of the country-side, was not aware that at that hour in the morning all the children had not yet had their shoes put on. Englishmen find it hard to realise that the children of the Scottish peasantry go barefoot only for comfort's sake, though it turns out to be a good thing for their health as well.

With this visit ended a very pleasant little pilgrimage. How pure are all the associations connected with the memory of Thomas Carlyle. In visiting the Burns country the heart is saddened by a taint of sin and folly that clings to the very places, in the Scott country associations of tinsel rank and vain ambition mingle with the memory of bright genius and brave endeavour; but from the Carlyle country no suggestion comes that is not pure and ennobling. You realize how altogether worthy is the life which in a sense you have traced to its fountain head, how devoid of all that is mean or base; that fresh, pure, and bracing as the air of Annandale, are the thoughts suggested by the simple scenes which recall to mind so many stages of a life of such pure aspiration, high thought, brave endeavour, and noble achievement.

PARODIES OF WORDSWORTH.

(There is no poet whose works offer a better chance to the parodist than Wordsworth; for parody—in the narrower sense—is the mimicry of mannerisms, and Wordsworth is so beset with mannerisms, and so many of them are of the nature of weakness, that parody is constantly invited. Perhaps the best of Wordsworthian parodies is that on "Peter Bell" by John Hamilton Reynolds. Shelley's "Peter Bell the Third" is, of course, a skit upon the same poem, but as parody Reynolds' verses are much better. We have not space, however to quote them. In all good parody there is a suggestion of serious criticism—a suggestion that becomes very definite in the second of the poems we give).

I. The Baby's Debut.

From the "Rejected Addresses" of Horace and James Smith.

(Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.)

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New-year's-day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,—
He thinks mine came to more than his;
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, O, my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour-door;
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite:
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you to-day!"
And while Papa said, "Pooh, she may!"
Mamma said, "No, she sha'n't!"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

* * * *

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall and not so thick
As these; and, goodness me!
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As those that now I see.

* * * * *

And now, good gentlefolk, I go
To join Mamma, and see the show:
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsy like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

II. A Sonnet

By James Kenneth Stephen.

Two voices are there: one is of the deep;
It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep:
And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,
And indicates that two and one are three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep:
And, Wordsworth, both are thine: at certain times
Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes,
The form and pressure of high thought will burst:
At other times—good Lord! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A B C
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst.

III. From "The Flying Tailor"

By James Hogg.

(The whole poem is an excellent mockery of the slow and ponderous and self-conscious manner of such poems as "Michæl," and, especially, of "The Recluse"—a manner that becomes sublime if the poet's imagination is kindled, but is intolerably prosaic when, as so often happens, the fire has gone out).

Now, of all sedentary lives, none seems
So much so as the tailor's.—Weavers use
Both arms and legs, and, we may safely add,
Their bodies too, for arms and legs can move
Without the body—as the waving branch
Of the green oak disturbs his glossy trunk
Not so the tailor,—for he sits cross-legged,
Cross-legged for ever! save at times of meals,
In bed, or when he takes his little walk
From shop to ale-house, picking, as he goes,
Stray patch of fustian, cloth, or cassimere,
Which, as by natural instinct, he discerns,
Though soiled with mud, and by the passing wheel
Bruised to attenuation, gainst the stones...
While on his board cross-legged he used to sit,
Shaping of various garments to his mind,
An image rose of every character
For whom each special article was framed,
Coat, waistcoat, breeches. So at last his soul
Was like a storehouse, filled with images,
By musing hours of solitude supplied.
Nor did his ready fingers shape the cut
Of villager's uncouth habiliments
With greater readiness than did his mind
Frame corresponding images of those
Whose corporal measurement the neat-marked paper
In many a mystic notch for aye retained.
Hence, more than any man I ever knew,
Did he possess the power intuitive
Of diving into character. A pair
Of breeches, to his philosophic eye,
Were not what unto other folks they seem,
Mere simple breeches, but in them he saw
The symbol of the soul—mysterious, high
Hieroglyphics! such as Egypt's Priest
Adored upon the holy Pyramid,
Vainly imagined tomb of monarchs old.

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.

(In this series of studies we take an essay, or part of an essay, actually written by a student, and rewrite it in the adjoining column, giving notes on the chief corrections. Students will find it useful to note, and explain for themselves, even the smallest changes made).

Subject :—By what means, and in what degree, does Coleridge succeed, in " The Ancient Mariner," in making the supernatural appear credible ?

Original Essay.

Coleridge makes the thoughts, the feelings, and actions[1] of the Ancient Mariner dramatically true. The realistic[2] and the naturalness of the effect produced by the supernatural over[3] the 'Ancient Mariner' is very effective. By[4] laying his scene on a place far from the human surroundings, he gave to the narrative a still more credible[5] effect. . . . By[6] first giving a vivid and accurate account of the ordinary natural things of the world, he takes us to the supernatural regions. We have already allowed ourselves [7] in the way of believing him. So we are also led to believe even in the supernatural surroundings . . . The description[8] of the whole narrative is very vague. Neither [9] we can know definitely where the scene is laid, or when did the events take place. This very indefiniteness helps[10] the supernatural narrative in appearing to be credible. Lastly, Coleridge uses suggestion more than actual description. Suggestion wins belief and increases [11] in power. Walter Pater [12] remarks about the poem, " The delicacy, the dreamy grace, with which he treated the marvellous, was enough to make Coleridge's work so remarkable. "

Corrected Essay.

(The essay is simply corrected as it stands : no attempt is here made, by addition or re-arrangement of ideas, to re-create it.)

Coleridge succeeds in making the thoughts, feelings, and actions of the Ancient Mariner 'dramatically true.' That is, they are such as we should expect of him in the circumstances in which he is placed. The effect produced upon him by the supernatural, besides being most realistically presented to us, is perfectly intelligible. Again, by choosing as the scene of his story a region far remote from the ordinary world of which we have actual experience, Coleridge makes it less difficult for us to believe. He further assists our belief by a vivid and natural presentation, in the beginning of the poem, of certain natural and familiar things : this predisposes us to believe him when he takes us into the supernatural world. . . No definite place or time is given us for the supernatural happenings, for definiteness would give room for disbelief. And, similarly, the use of suggestion rather than direct description, while it kindles the imagination of the reader, also conceals improbabilities. . . Walter Pater observes, " It is the delicacy, the dreamy grace, in his presentation of the marvellous, which makes Coleridge's work so remarkable."

Notes on Corrections.

1. If the article is used with both "thoughts" and "feelings," it must be used also with "actions." And such a phrase as "dramatically true" must always be explained, that the student may show that he understands it.

2. Obviously, "realistic" is not a noun.

3. An effect is produced "on," not "over" a person. But a person has *power* "over" another, not "on" or "upon" him.

4. (*a*) A scene is laid not "on" but "in" a place. (*b*) No special "human surroundings" are meant, and therefore the definite article is out of place.

5. Whatever can the phrase "credible effect" mean? We may say that the narrative itself is credible, or that its effect is to produce belief; but the effect itself cannot be called credible. Perhaps the student is thinking of such phrases as "The story was to this effect," but this idiomatic use of the word is peculiar to a few special phrases.

6. He does not take us to supernatural regions "by" describing natural things, but "after" doing so—and even "while" doing so.

7. An unidiomatic mixture of two idioms, "we allow ourselves to believe," and "we get into the way of believing."

8. We cannot "describe" a "narrative," unless the phrase means that we are describing to some-one a story that we have read. We can "describe" a thing, or a person, or a scene, or a situation, and we can *give*, or *begin*, or *complete*, or *embark on*, or *continue*, or *communicate*, a "narrative".

9. Not the proper English order of words,—and "neither" should be followed not by "or" but by "nor." When "neither. . . . nor" is used, the word after "neither" must correspond with the word after "nor": *e. g.* "we can know neither *place* nor *time*." When "neither" is used by itself, without a "nor" to follow, we can say, for instance, "neither do we know," but not "neither we can know." Similarly, "neither do we know" is right, not "neither we do know," and still less "neither we know."

10. We speak of helping persons, but it would usually be very unnatural to speak of helping things. And as a rule the infinitive is better than the gerund after the verb "help."

11. The phrase "increases in power" is intransitive, and therefore meaningless here. The student seems to have the idea that something like "the narrative" may be understood as the object of "increases," but this is not possible. And even if the object were expressed, it would not be right to speak of "increasing" a thing in some quality.

12. This quotation is all wrong. A quotation should never be made unless it is made with perfect accuracy.

DIALOGUE.

THE DISCOMFITURE OF BOBADILL.

From Ben Jonson's
"Every Man in his Humour."

Characters: *Edward Knowell*, a young gentleman.

Mathew, a town youth, who longs above all things to appear a gentleman, and thinks the signs of a gentleman are melancholy and the power of uttering strange oaths.

Bobadill, a braggart soldier and an utter coward.

Downright, a plain straightforward squire, who has special reason to punish Bobadill.

Enter *Mathew, E. Knowell, and Bobadill.*

E. Know. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O good sir! Yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel for knowledge, in that mystery only, there came three or four of them to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to entreat my presence at their schools: and withal so much importuned me, that I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, I was ashamed of their rude demeanour out of all measure. Well, I told them that to come to a public school, they should pardon me: it was opposite, in diameter, to my humour; but if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Know. So, sir! then you tried their skill?

Bob. Alas, soon tried; you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, showed them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchased them since a credit to admiration.. They cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent; and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Know. This is strange and barbarous as ever I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures, but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts i' the town . . . where I have driven them before me the whole length of the street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen. . . By myself I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loath to bear any other than this bastinado for them; yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. Know. (Ironically) Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. (thinking this is meant as a genuine compliment) Alas, no: what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

E. Know. O, but your skill, sir!

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell

you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were it known to her majesty and the lords, —observe me,—I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay the three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution: I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules . . . till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Know. Why, are you so sure of your hand, Captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Know. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me: if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him,—at my distance.

E. Know. Odso—look where he is! yonder he goes.

(Downright crosses the stage, without seeing Bobadill, for whom he is searching).

Down. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. (in fear). It is not he, is it?

E. Know. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. (equally afraid) I'll be hanged, then, if that were he.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that were he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Know. That I think, sir.

E. Know. (Re-enter Downright) But see, he is come again.

Down. (seeing Bobadill) O, Pharaoh's foot,* have I found you? Come, draw to your tools; draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee; hear me—

Down. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it till now—body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Master Mathew.

Down. 'Sdeath, you will not draw then?

(Disarms and beats him. Mathew runs away)

Bob. Hold, hold! under thy favour forbear!

Down. (Beating him) Prate again, as you like this......*Exit.*

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Know. No, faith, it's an ill day, Captain, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself: that will prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir; I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by heaven! Sure, I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Know. Ay, like enough. I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a surgeon......(Exit Bobadill).

E. Know. O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that Nature should be at leisure to make them! Come, coz.

* It is Bobadill's custom to swear by the foot of Pharaoh.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

From the "Daily News and Leader."

THE author of a small book of poems which had met with the customary fate of small books of poems, discovered recently to his great wonder and delight that a quite emphatic demand for the volume had sprung up. The first edition had been sold out, and a second edition was being eagerly bought. He went to see his publisher about the surprising news. "Well, you see," said the publisher with cold veracity, "it is the introduction by Masefield that is doing it. People have started collecting Masefield like a classic, and nothing he has written escapes them."

This trifling incident illustrates the most interesting literary fact of the day. For the time at least Mr. Masefield occupies the throne that Mr. Rudyard Kipling used to fill. But he occupies it after a vastly different preparation. Mr. Kipling came into his kingdom at a bound; Mr. Masefield has come to it after ten years of laborious apprenticeship. He has arrived with no sudden blast of a trumpet, but stealthily, industriously, modestly. Those of us who have watched his career since the days when, a wanderer from far lands and seas, he began writing sea pieces in the *Manchester Guardian* and reviews in *The Daily News* have always felt a certain large expectancy in regard to him. There was about him the sense of great and unexplored potentialities—undeveloped estates of the mind and of experience that time would reveal. He brought rich argosies from strange lands, stores of memories of great solitudes and mighty seas, of the spacious splendours of earth and sky, and of fierce contact with humanity in its most elemental expressions. He was still young, but he was very old in the knowledge of life at first hand. While we had been poring over books and following in the track of other men's steps he had been plunging alone into the wilderness

of the world, revelling in its wonders, drinking deep of its miseries, facing its dangers, seeing much of its squalor. He came to us as Salvation Yeo came to young Amyas Leigh, bringing all the magic of the Spanish Main with him. * * * *

There is in the "Dauber" I think more than a glimpse of himself. "Dauber" is the tale of a lad, the only son of his father, a farmer in Gloucester-shire, who, proud of his acres, destines his son to succeed him. But the boy grows up with intense distaste for the placid life of the fields and with the creative impulse strong within him. It takes the form of a passionate yearning to become an artist and to paint the ships and the sea. He is driven forth by his infuriated father, takes service on a merchantman bound for Valparaiso by Cape Horn and amid the gibes and buffetings of his rough shipmates seizes every moment of leisure to record his impressions. His sketches are reviled and mutilated; his life is made a torture: he is the type of the sensitive artist caught and mangled on the wheel of a rude world. But he survives the trial, and from the tremendous struggle with death in rounding Cape Horn he emerges a man, respected by his comrades, even civilly addressed by the mate. Then comes the last jest of fate. The storm makes one final, desperate descent upon the ship, there is another life and death struggle in the rigging, and the "Dauber" slips and falls, broken and dead, to the deck. * * * *

Mr. Masefield, like "Dauber," felt the call of the ships and the sea, and the unknown, and fled as a boy from the West Country pastures to the life of the great waters. Then rich in the lore of the sea he, it is said—for he is a reticent man, and wholly uncommunicative about his early days—took to the road in America, living a free, vagrant life, sleeping in barns, working here and there on farms, finally turning up in New York, where he got a job at ten dollars a month in the Colonial Hotel, and earned his money by about 16 hours' hard work a day, scouring beer taps, cleaning cuspidors, which we call spittoons, and ejecting turbulent patrons. At about 2 or 2-30 a. m. he went to his garret, where he read the "Morte d'Arthur," his only book, until he fell asleep.

And then, having served his apprenticeship to life in its crude and stark aspects, he returned unknown to England and began his apprenticeship to literature, writing ballads of the sea, and criticisms of Shakespeare, and introductions to new editions of the old adventurers of the sea, and plays—"Nan," "The Campden Wonder," and "Pompey the Great"—and a novel, "Captain Margaret," finally finding his true medium in the remarkable series of tales in verse beginning with "The Everlasting Mercy." In these tales he has struck a new note in literature, and has echoed, too, many familiar things. We have echoes of "Michael," of the "Faery Queen," of "Enoch Arden," and so on, but the work essentially original and individual. The poems come hot and defiant from the furnace of his own spiritual experience. They deal with coarse lives coarsely. They trample on the proprieties of verse with a rude heel and tear away the disguises of things with a fierce scorn. They have much of the rough buoyancy of mere animal passion. Thus in "The Everlasting Mercy," Saul Kane whose conversion from evil courses to religion is the theme of the tale, says:

From '51 to '61
I cut my teeth and took to fun.
I learned what not to be afraid of
And what stuff women's lips are made of;
I learned with what a rosy feeling
Good ale makes floors seems like the ceiling,
And how the moon gives shiny light
To lads as roll home singing by't.
My blood did leap, my flesh did revel.
Saul Kane was betokened to the devil,

(Here, by the way, we have an echo of Mr. Houseman's "Shropshire Lad.") **

But in spite of the brutal and challenging realism, the essential quality of the stories at their best is noble and exhilarating. The clothes are ragged and foul, but the soul within is capable of immortal things, of splendid heroisms and of that ecstatic vision which makes the same Saul Kane in his transfigured mood say

The station brook, to my new eyes,
Was babbling out of Paradise;
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing Christ has risen again.

This is high poetry, swift, final, illuminating, touched with the naive spirit of the seventeenth century. It is the spirit of rapture that consecrates the common things of life, and makes the very dust sparkle like skyey-tinctured grain. This enveloping sense of the magic and wonder of life is Mr. Masefield's most conspicuous quality. He is intoxicated with the splendour of the vision. He does not, like another great poet of our time, brood sadly over—

. . . "the dreaming, dark, dumb Thing
That turns the handle of this idle Show."

He does not torture himself with unavailing questionings, any more than Wordsworth or Whitman, in their widely different ways, did. He accepts life delightedly and he accepts it without reservations. He will have everything in—"wart and all," the ugly and the bestial. Sometimes he gives undue prominence to the evil side of a thing, forces the note of brutal candour, decorates his page a little unnecessarily with swear words; but in all this there is no sense of uncleanness, no odour of decay, only the feeling of a mind austerely truthful, setting down the facts of life as he has seen them, not explaining or extenuating them, but conscious that behind the confusion and squalor and bitterness of the individual conflict with circumstance, enveloping the tragedy and futility of existence there is a spirit of harmony and ecstasy that catches the meanest soul in its embrace:

The water's going out to sea.
And there's a great moon calling me,
And there's a great sun calls the moon.

This active and ebullient joy of life, like the passive, reflective joy of Wordsworth, finds its delight in nature. But it is not simply nature in repose as in Wordsworth; but nature in all its forms, especially in its fierce and terrible forms. In "Dauber" the conflict is not only between the sensitive soul of the artist and the rough brutality of the seaman, but between his shrinking fear and a merciless nature. It is an epic of the sea, and the literature of the sea has few things more moving, more poignantly felt, than that long battle with the storm with its ominous opening that sounds like the stealthy approach of an all-encompassing doom. The fog comes down and the Dauber is set to the foghorn—

. . . Listening lest ice should make the note resound.
She bayed there like a solitary hound
Lost in the covert; all the watch she bayed.
The fog, come closelier down, no answer made,

Denser it grew, until the ship was lost,
The elemental hid her; she was merged
In mufflings of dark death, like a man's ghost
New to the change of death, yet thither urged.
Then from the hidden waters something surged—
Mournful, despairing, great, greater than speech,
A noise like one slow wave on a still beach.

So the night past, but then no morning broke—
Only a something showed that night was dead.
A sea-bird, cackling like a devil, spoke,
And the fog drew away and hung like lead;
Like mighty cliffs it shaped, sullen and red;
Like glowering gods at watch it did appear,
And sometimes drew away, and then drew near,

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Then follows the snow, like a new out-rider of the hosts of death—

And all the air seemed full of gradual moan
As though in those cloud-chasms the horns were blowing.
The mort for gods cast out and overthrown
Or for the eyeless sun plucked out and going.
Slow the low gradual moan came in the snowing;
The Dauber felt the prelude had begun.
The snowstorm fluttered by; he saw the sun

Show and pass by, gleam from one towering prison
Into another vaster and more grim,
Which in dull crag's of darkness had arisen
To muffle-to a final door on him.

Then the cry "Call all hands on deck," the sudden, tumultuous leap of the crew to battle, and from the sea

Came a cold, sudden breath that made the hair
Stiff on the neck, as though Death whispered there.

In the long horror of the storm the boy fights his battle with fear and emerges triumphant—but dead:

He was off duty. So it blew all night,
And when the watches changed the men would come
Dripping within the door to strike a light
And stare upon the Dauber lying dumb,
And say "He come a cruel thump, poor chum,"
Or, "He'd a-been a fine big man"; or "He—
A smart young seamen he was getting to be."

And the poem closes with a noble tranquillity, and a large suggestiveness of something greater than death.

* * * *

It is not always that Mr. Masefield's themes have the dignity and significance of the "Dauber" or of "The Everlasting Mercy." "The Widow in the Bye-Street" fails in large poetic import. The grossness is not transfigured by any great spiritual emotion and "The Daffodil Fields," in spite of the beauty of the setting, moves on the lower plane of tragic loves and the unintelligible perversity of things.

But enough has come from Mr. Masefield to justify the expectations of the past, and to make his future the most interesting subject of literary speculation. We shall do well to avoid the extremes of praise or blame in regard to work so challenging and individual, so defiant of conventions, in which a curt virility easily passes into a rather gratuitous coarseness and a vigorous versification into a perilous fluency. But he has the great gift of the taleteller, and his tales have a power of taking to themselves wings and of transmuting mean things into something rich and strange. His is a grateful departure from the tendency of modern literature to be always in the pulpit or on the platform. He is content to tell us, with a curious mixture of the spirit of old romance and of a remorseless realism, his vision of life, and he brings to it a certain fresh and spacious joy reminiscent of an earlier time when the creative impulse had not been palsied by criticism.

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The editor regrets that, while this issue has been ready and printed for some time, its publication has been delayed through the formalities incidental to a change of printers. The August number will be issued in the course of the month, and the September one *early* in September.

To Correspondents.

We shall endeavour to return rejected manuscripts if stamped and addressed envelopes or covers are enclosed. We seldom publish contributions from students, and then only as voluntary contributions.

Declined with thanks:—K. Thirumalachari; Prof. S. K. Dash; P. Anantaswamy.